

Last time I came I got the pig ears for parking offenses. So I park away from everyone, only to have ShitZoo attack me and send me directly at all the other Hashers. Making us drive through everyone,. Surely this is a Health and Safety issue?

Others must have had a mega phone as a present. Unfortunately all this means is non attentive hashers just talk louder.

Hares are ShitZoo and Shaun! Instruction, what instructions? Even though we have lots of fresh runners/walkers and a mega phone its well, no idea.

Get bored with the cacophony of noises so jog north up the road.

We go a long way with no dust, expecting any minute to be called back towards Ferndown. But everyone is with us so it must be this way.

Get to the trail way, doesn't feel correct, straight on is barred for the short so where does it go as no dust.

Eventually we detour into the factory yard and pick up a narrow track through the rough.

Track is very narrow, can't get past anyone, and there are lots of hidden tussocks and stumps designed to twist your ankles.

Lack of dust means any sign is a moment of elation. However, we find confusing combination of marks that we interpret as a fishhook. Wrong, one way bar with and S!!! We leave TTP to take the short route to chase the others.

Eventually we manage to find a forest track. Jog up road to the right. No dust.

Retrace to find the newbies got caught by the real fishhook, shame. Doesn't help us as we now have to fight on more ankle twisting trails with additional clambering over logs, which TPs long legs found easy.

Finally we find the bridge over the main road, so that's where we go. Trail is parallel to the road, and not up the sidetracks, which are all barred!

Brief stop whilst we are all confused; take photos only to find afterwards in pub that Lemon Tart was stripping off in them. Brazen hussy.

Eventually we stop the straight ons and loop left, then more left and more left getting back to where we began. By now the secret hare, no sign of Shaun, is obviously Ferret. He's trailing at the back so we have to do a lot of milling around before we can get going again at times. Back into more wooded areas

Lots of one blob checks need to be dealt with by two new guys as Bangers is off on one of his drinking breaks to get German ale.

TP is just giving his usual vocal encouragements at checks, but we have to give him his due, this must be the first main for him in months so we must remember to give positive re-enforcement to the dear chap.

Basically we follow more wooded trails, only to get shouted at by Wheeze for not following as she calling too quietly.

Another long straight only to suddenly eat mud as leg has disappeared into a hidden mud hole on the track. Drag me self out and move on to see where the front runners were gathered. Then think this could be good. Camera ready, turn to document Lemon Tarts fall from grace. A much more spectacular splat than mine. Drag her out, but miss next victim. This is no good, so video

mode set now in time to get next victim. Result. 😊

After all this merriment its back to one blob checks and bars.

Try looking up a steep wooded cycle track, expecting to be run over any second. This is good.

Up to the local view point, and guess what, its back down again.

Horn Blower seems to be using local knowledge to find the bridge again, but is getting it completely wrong. Back now to a point where we were an hour ago. Soon find the "on inn" so its an obvious route now. Have to keep shouting encouragement to the youngest that it was "straight on" but we make it.

Car park now rammed so have to get changed whilst a constant stream of cars drive past trying

to find a parking gap with no result.

Double coffee in the pub, to keep me awake and also off the beer until later.

So lack of dust at the beginning, lack of official hares, lots of one blob checks, the most un-secret hare in the universe, lots of false trails, leg eating gloop, LT flashing her assets, ankle twisting off piste trails over logs, no rain, a shouty Wheeze and loads of fresh runners for a change up front.

So what did you think?

On On